

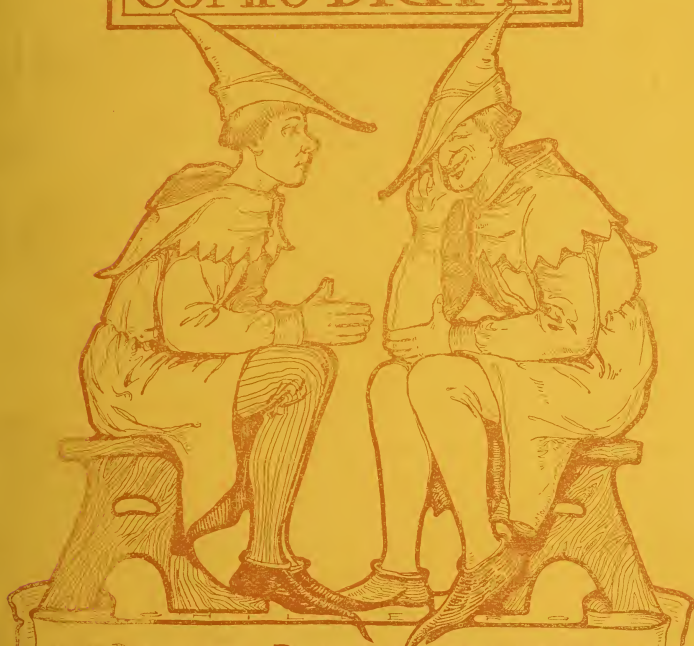
Price, 15 cents.

THE RIVAL BARBER SHOPS

BY
FRANK DUMONT

138

THE COMIC DRAMA



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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

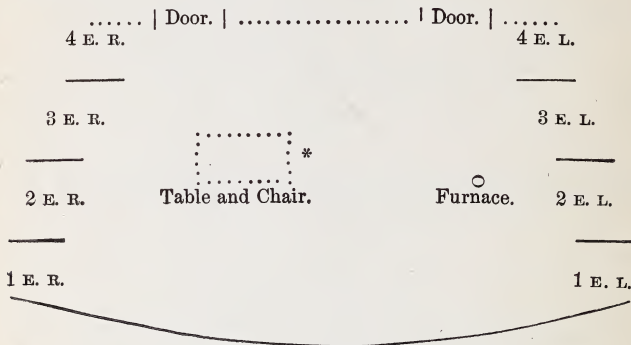
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Policeman Clubbem.....	Mr. JOHN MARTIN.

TIME OF PLAYING—TWENTY MINUTES.

SCENERY.

Plain kitchen. Door in R. and L. of flat.



COSTUMES.

SWINDLEM.—Swallow tail coat, collar, striped vest and pants, beaver hat.

FLUKE.—Rough darkey dress, straw hat.

CLUKE.—Ragged coat, pants, etc.

GOOSEGREEN.—Long coat, white hat, vest, large shoes.

CARL.—German Emigrants' costume.

JOHANNA.—Calico dress—shawl, bonnet, etc.

POLICEMAN.—Blue coat, pants and cap, club, belt and star.

PROPERTIES.

Table, chair, small furnace, nail keg, with various articles of furniture, large wooden razor, and piece of leather, coffee bag, pail of lather and large brush, several turnips, large codfish, piece of newspaper, valise for GOOSEGREEN, band-box for CARL, two rag babies for Mrs. McFADDEN, tickets and stage money for CLUKE and FLUKE, club and star for officer, bell and whistle outside ready at cue.

THE RIVAL BARBER SHOPS.

SCENE.—*A plain kitchen. Doors in R. and L. of flat. An old table on R., and a small furnace on L.*

Enter JONAS SWINDLEM, R. 1 E.

JONAS. My credit's gone, and my race as a hotel-keeper is run. So I've packed up all my furniture, and expressed it out of town. Still thinking I might make a few dollars out of the old shanty, I stuck up a card announcing that the house was to be rented. I'll manage to receive a month's rent in advance, then I'll make tracks out of town, and the poor victim will have to pay the rent over again to the proprietor of this house.

Enter SIMON FLUKE, *door R., knocks.*

JONAS. Come in, sir.

FLUKE. Don't you see I am in?

JONAS. Well, sir, what is your business with me? (FLUKE *knocks at door*) Come in, sir. Come in.

FLUKE. Yes, sir. (*advances towards him.*)

JONAS. What do you want?

FLUKE. Mother wants me to go in business for myself.

JONAS. A very good idea—but what has that got to do with me?

FLUKE. Mother says I'm big enough to go into business for myself.

JONAS. And so you are—now tell me why do you came here to see me?

FLUKE. Do you belong to the house?

JONAS. No, sir—the house belongs to me.

FLUKE. I see you've got a card out, about hiring somebody to let the house rent itself to somebody else.

JONAS. I do wish to rent this house, if that's what you mean.

FLUKE. How much will I have to produce in order to occupy the premises?

JONAS. Ten dollars a month—in advance.

FLUKE. I only want to hire it.

JONAS. That's my rent, not a cent less.

FLUKE (*feels in pocket*). I am "cent-less" myself, but I can give you security.

JONAS. I will accept good security.

FLUKE. Here's a dollar bill, (*gives money*) and here's a pawn-ticket and one of my checks. (*gives articles.*)

Gen res New York 10 Mar 56

JONAS. All right, sir ; but what is this check ?

FLUKE. That's my check on the soup-house ; you can have it. Now I've given you security, when can I move in ?

JONAS. Right away, the house is yours—that is, this room belongs to you.

FLUKE. All right ; I'll go and get my stuff, and open my shop.

JONAS. What shop ?

FLUKE (*at door, R.*). My barber shop. I'm a barber.

JONAS. Then I'll come in and let you shave me.

FLUKE. You can come in and mix lather for me. Now I am going out to buy a small chicken and cook some provisions.

JONAS. Chicken ! I'm fond of chicken.

FLUKE. Well, come in when it's cooked, and I'll give you some—of the feathers. *[Exits, door R.]*

JONAS. Well, I've got a dollar, any way ; that will buy me a railroad ticket. So here I go. (*JASPER CLUKE enters door L., meets JONAS who is coming towards him. CLUKE turns and runs out frightened*) Hello ! what's the matter with that fellow ? (*CLUKE looks in through door*) Come, in sir.

CLUKE. You want to hurt me !

JONAS. No, indeed. (*goes towards CLUKE, who darts out*) Well, that fellow is certainly out of his mind. (*CLUKE appears at door again*) Come in, young man, don't be afraid.

CLUKE (*timidly*). Sir !

JONAS. Come in, sir. (*going towards CLUKE.*)

CLUKE. Yes, sir. (*runs out again.*)

JONAS. I wonder what ails that fellow. Perhaps he is a detective sent after me by some of my creditors. (*CLUKE appears at door*) What do you want ?

CLUKE. I want to come in !

JONAS. Well, why don't you come in ?

CLUKE. You want to hurt me !

JONAS. Come in, young man. I wouldn't hurt you for the world. (*goes to CLUKE and shakes hands with him. Squeezing CLUKE'S hand.*)

CLUKE (*in pain*). Say ! let go ! You're pulverizing my fingers, let up ! (*puts fingers in his mouth when JONAS releases his hand*) Don't be so darned emphatic.

JONAS. Now, sir, tell me what you want ?

CLUKE. Whose house is this ?

JONAS. Mine ! Why do you ask ?

CLUKE. Can I hire some of it !

JONAS. If you've got the dust !

CLUKE (*examining garments*). I'm covered all over with dust ; get a broom and you can have it all.

JONAS. I mean money ! have you got any ?

CLUKE. I have got lots—to get !

JONAS. Now, sir, let's come to the point. What do you want ?

CLUKE. I'm starting in business for myself, and I want to hire apartments.

JONAS (*aside*). Here's a chance to make a few dollars. (*aloud*) If this room suits you, I'll let it to you.

CLUKE. How much ?

JONAS. Ten dollars a month !

CLUKE. Do I have the use of the table and that stove yonder ?

JONAS. Yes ; but I want the rent in advance.

CLUKE. All right. I'll give you a deposit, and pay you the rest—when you get it!

JONAS (*extending hand*). All right, sir; now, shell out!

CLUKE (*drawing back*). No, sir! You can't shake hands with me no more.

JONAS. I want the security for my rent.

CLUKE. Oh! yes, (*feels in shoe*) here it is. There's a dollar bill, (*gives money to JONAS*) and I'll give you the rest when I get started.

JONAS. All is satisfactory; the room is yours.

CLUKE. Well, I'll move in; it won't take me long. (*going*.)

JONAS. What's your line of business?

CLUKE. I'm a barber shop.

JONAS (*aside*). Now there'll be trouble! two barbers in one room. (*aloud*) Well, I'll patronize you!

CLUKE. If you do, you'll pay in advance. I'm going out to get some dinner. I'll get some eggs. I like eggs.

JONAS. So do I. I'll come in and dine with you.

CLUKE. I'll give you the water that I boil the eggs in.

[*Exits, L.*

JONAS. Now, I'd better get out before they meet; they'll both claim this room, and then there will be bloodshed. I'm ahead two dollars, and I'll quit the city.

[*Exits, L.*

Enter FLUKE, R., with nail keg, in which is a large razor, old rat trap, and various articles of broken furniture.

FLUKE. Here's all my furniture, and now I'll set up my shop, but first I'll cook my chicken. Well, I couldn't get chicken, so I got the next thing to it. (*takes out dried codfish from nail keg*) Now to start a fire. (*with a piece of newspaper he starts a fire in the furnace*) Now I'll just let this shad simmer, (*puts the codfish over the fire*) and by the time I return, it will be stewed. (*stamps upon it*) It ought to cook nice and tender. I'll get my shop in order after I get back. I must see about a sign.

[*Exits, door R.*

Enter CLUKE, door L., with large coffee-bag, brush and pail of lather and a chair.

CLUKE. I've got all my stuff ready; here's my chair and my lather, and my—(*sees FLUKE's furniture*) what's all this doing in my room? (*drops his articles*) Hello! here's a dinner cooking; well, this is my room and anything I find in here belongs to me. I'll put my eggs on top of this slice of ham, (*pointing to codfish*) and I'll have ham and eggs. (*pulls out two turnips from pockets*) The man said that eggs were bad this time of the year, so I thought I'd better get some fruit, I like fruit better than I do vegetables. (*bus. Places turnips on codfish*) This fire needs more stuffing; (*puts piece of newspaper in furnace*) my coal hasn't got up yet, but I've ordered a ton of coke to be brought up. Ain't that a fine dish—ham and eggs—now, I must start my barber shop. (*goes over to arrange his furniture.*)

Enter FLUKE, door R.

FLUKE. I wonder if my trout is roasted. (*goes to furnace*) Hello, who put these turnips on my chicken? (*goes to throw them away.*)

CLUKE (*turns*). Stop! Don't put your fingers on my food!

FLUKE. Who are you?

CLUKE. I'm the man that owns this room and that banquet.

FLUKE. Own this room? Well, I guess not.

CLUKE. Well, I guess yes—and here's my fixtures. Who are you?

FLUKE. I hired this room to go into business.

CLUKE. What business?

FLUKE. I'm a barber shop!

CLUKE. So am I; and I own the room and won't move.

FLUKE. Neither will I. We've been fooled—we're swindled; this man has hired this room to both of us.

CLUKE. I tell you what we'll do, let's go into partnership; we'll eat our dinners together, and divide all the money we make.

FLUKE. Only this—every man that I shave I get all the money, every man you shave you get the money—see?

CLUKE. Yes; what stuff have you got?

FLUKE. I've got a razor and a strap.

CLUKE. I've got a brush and lather and this. (*holds up coffee bag.*)

FLUKE. What's that?

CLUKE. That's my crash towel.

FLUKE. Well, let's fix up the shop, the cars and boat will be in pretty soon, and we ought to do a good business. (*bus. They arrange chairs, table, etc.*)

CLUKE. How about our dinner?

FLUKE. We'll eat it after the rush is over; look out, here come the cars; (*bell and whistle heard outside, they run to doors*) here come the passengers. (*they both begin calling out "barber shop!" "barber shop—this way, sir!" and cries outside of "hack!" "hotel!" etc.*)

Enter GOOSEGREEN, through door, R. They both clutch him and pull him from R. to L. They take him down front, still grasping him.

CLUKE. Do you want to get shaved?

GOOSEGREEN. I haven't got any money.

FLUKE. We'll take security. (*bus. They take his carpet bag, hat, coat, umbrella, etc., and bundle him to the chair; CLUKE places the coffee bag around GOOSEGREEN'S neck and takes pail of lather and brush and smears GOOSEGREEN'S face with lather; FLUKE with the large razor shaves the yelling countryman, wiping the blade of the razor on GOOSEGREEN'S pants; CLUKE gives GOOSEGREEN an extra dose of lather, and he rises, takes off the coffee sack, and rushes out wildly after the police, door, R.*)

CLUKE. Well, we're doing first rate; we've got his baggage, anyway.

CARL ZUGGENHEIMER *enters, door L.*

CARL. Is de man vot keeps dis place changed hands? (*bus. CLUKE and FLUKE rush forward and grab CARL and haul him about the stage.*)

CLUKE. Do you want a shampoo?

FLUKE. Do you want to get your teeth shaved?

CARL. Mine frients, I don't got some money.

CLUKE. We'll take a deposit. (*they grab his valise, hat, wig, exposing his bald head, and seize band-box; they then hurry him to a chair and fasten the coffee bag about his chin; CLUKE lathers him, and FLUKE with the large razor shaves him, CARL yelling murder, but CLUKE places foot upon him and keeps him in the chair; CLUKE*

takes a handful of lather and throws it into CARL'S mouth and eyes ; he escapes from CLUKE and FLUKE, throws down the coffee bag and exits furiously, door L.)

FLUKE. We've got all his wardrobe, ain't we ? We're doing a big business.

CLUKE. Yes ; we're turning people away.

Enter JOHANNA MCFADDEN with two rag babies, door R.

JOHANNA. Is this the railroad track ?

FLUKE. Yes ; do you want to get shaved ?

CLUKE. Do you want your mouth curled ?

JOHANNA. Get out, ye dirty nagurs, or I'll give you a bit of my mind.


FLUKE. Let's shave her anyway. (*they grasp her and take her to the chair ; they sling the babies over to R. ; they lather her, and go through business of shaving ; she arises and runs off to call police ; CLUKE and FLUKE lather the two rag babies as GOOSEGREEN, CARL, MRS. MCFADDEN, and a policeman enter through doors and a lively chase begins. CLUKE gets upon the table and with pail and brush lathers all who comes within reach ; FLUKE, with the large razor, has CARL over the chair and is cutting him ; MRS. MCFADDEN with her babies, hitting out R. and L. with them ; exciting confusion.*)

CLOSE IN OR CURTAIN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R means Right of Stage, facing the Audience ; L. Left ; C. Centre ; R. C. Right of Centre ; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage ; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat ; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat ; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat ; R. D. Right Door ; L. D. Left Door ; 1 E. First Entrance ; 2 E. Second Entrance ; U. E. Upper Entrance ; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

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The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead,
And then, we women cannot choose our lot."

In fetters—The rivals—North and South—The coy widow—A noted duelist—An old affection—The dismissal—The rivals meet—"You shall answer for this"—Farewell.

ACT II—Same Scene—1860

"Who might have been—Ah, what, I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for the best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest."

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With solemn roll of drums,
With starlit banners rustling wings of night,
The knightly concourse comes."

To arms! To arms!—Stand by the flag—A woman's duty—A skirmish in the parlor—On to Richmond—Reunited—The passing regiment.

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"No more shall the war cry sever, or the winding river be red;
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dead."

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